The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1908.

THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

The immediate effects of the United States Supreme Court decision in the Virginia rate cases hinge largely upon the question whether or not the time allowed to the railroads for carrying an appeal to the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals has elapsed. This point still appears curiously indeterminate.

The telegraphic summary of the decision, published on Monday, asserted that if the time for appeal has so elapsed, "the order of the United States Circuit Court enjoining the Virginia Commission must be affirmed." The text of the opinion itself is that, in the event of the impossibility of appeal, "then the bills filed by the railroad companies in the United States Circuit Court will be returned in Judge Pritchard's court for future decrees thereon." Presumably, these two statements are equivalent in effect. If the bills filed by the railroads are "returned in Judge Pritchard's court for future decrees thereon," there seems no reason to doubt that the order "enjoining the Virginia Commission" will "be affirmed."

The injunction prematurely issued by the lower Federal court was in the railroads' favor. The error in seeking it instead of applying to the higher State court was the railroads' error. The failure to get an appeal before the higher State court in the specified time, if such time has elapsed, was the railroads' failure. Yet the Supreme Court decides that because of this error and this failure, the improperly secured injunction must stand as law. So, by a curious inversion of practical justice, the railroads benefit by their mistakes and win their case by their blunders.

Uncertainty, however, gives room for hope, and there appears to be still a chance that the time for taking an appeal has not yet expired. In that case, the railroads will be compelled to take it, though obviously to their disadvantage now to do so. In that case, the issue will have to be fought out through the higher State court and the highest Federal court, and a final decision may be indefinitely delayed. Meantime, the interests of the State appear to be protected by the joint agreement of August, 1907.

If it shall appear that the railroads have already won their case, The Times-Dispatch sincerely hopes, and it believes, that they will not let a sense of triumph lead them into aggressions or reprisals. Undoubtedly they have had a lesson to learn, and undoubtedly the State is finally competent to teach it to them.

If, on the other hand, it appears that the case now stands exactly where it stood after the original order from the Virginia Corporation Commission, is there real need for further costly and prolonged litigation? The railroads, for their part, have been largely chastened. Their acceptance of the joint agreement last year was evidence of an excellent spirit. As for the people, they are weary of demagoguery and the chase. Whatever was prejudiced or impassioned or extravagant in their hostility to the roads has passed away, and there remains only the solid residuum of what is just and equitable. What differences now exist between the railroads and the people of Virginia that may not be settled by friendly conference?

HIGH-SPIRITED GENTLEMEN AT OXFORD.

Recent outbreaks of animal spirits at Oxford may or may not be due to the invasion of Rhodes scholars from America. That question is less interesting than the curious manifestations they have elicited of British traditions. Lord William Cecil, whose son was unfortunate enough to be "pulled" during certain undergraduate cavortings, thus unburdens himself to the Times:

"No doubt the letting off of fireworks in a street is a custom not to be encouraged, and the men caught doing it should be fined by the proctors; but the modern plan of employing clumsy, lower-class policemen to keep high-spirited gentlemen in order is to take a course which must provoke a breach of the peace."

Time was when the gilded youth of London thrashed the constable or upset him in his box as a matter of course and a badge of rank. Privilege has shifted somewhat since that day, but the inheritance dies hard. While modern justice cannot tell a "lower-class policeman" from a "high-spirited gentleman," it is natural that Lord William, on behalf of his humiliated son, should cry aloud for the grand old days of the forefathers.

In this country, when high-spirited gentlemen behave like hoodlums, they expect a hoodlums' punishment. Usually they get it, though the "college boys" plea is not rarely accepted in extenuation and mitigation. Manhandling a lower-class policeman for daring to lay irreverent hands on "family" is not looked upon with favor here, owing to the heavy penalties attached to such an amusement. If Oxford intends to adopt American customs, it will doubtless learn to use them in an American spirit. Meantime a few dukes detailed to the university beat would certainly help to relieve the present strain.

ENTENTES AND BATTLESHIPS.

To the flood of comment upon the Japanese-American agreement the Providence Journal contributes an original thought. Will it now be "necessary," it modestly inquires, "to build $150,000,000 worth of battleships for the protection of the Pacific coast, pending the completion of the Panama Canal?"

The Providence press is evidently highly old-fashioned. In propounding such a query as the above, the Journal twice shows that it is sadly out of touch with the principles of modern diplomacy. It erroneously assumes (1) that an entente cordiale is a guarantee of peace, and (2) that battleships are built to meet some specific military need. If it now desires to be set straight upon the first of these propositions, it should communicate immediately with any of "the chancellories of Europe." If it would secure authentic information on the second of them, it has only to address an inquiry to William Loeb, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Every close observer of modern history knows that there is no relation between ententes and battleships. An entente, by the approved usage of the Old World, is merely a device to convince the other fellow that you mean no harm. It can be put on and off like a shirt. As for more battleships, they are an integral part of the famous Policies. It is necessary to say no more. If the Japanese scare has wilted, another can readily be starched up and trotted out. Battleships are not built with the definite intention of licking somebody, as Providence supposes. They are built to tickle vanity, to support "world-power" ambitions, to please Richmond P. Hobson, or for any other reason why.

"CLASS DISCRIMINATIONS" IN THE PARCELS POSTS PROPOSALS.

It is hardly intelligent for commentators to argue that rural parcels posts are objectionable in that they would benefit a certain class only, and at the same time to argue that they are objectionable in that they would injure a certain class. If class benefit must not be considered in legislation, neither must class injury. The class argument cannot be used in one breath and ignored in the next.

In point of fact, the United States post-office has long practiced the so-called "class discriminations" of which we now hear complaint. It gives to one class of Americans, namely, those dwelling in large cities, five deliveries of mail a day. It gives to another class of Americans, namely, those dwelling on thinly settled rural routes, three deliveries of mail a week. Ordinary common sense suggested this discrimination, and ordinary common sense supports it. Five deliveries of mail a day recognizes the peculiar needs and peculiar possibilities of city life. Rural communities have never been heard to protest against it, or to demand a similar service as theirs by right. It would be equally unreasonable for city dwellers to protest against, and demand as of right, a service designed to fit the peculiar needs and peculiar possibilities of country communities.

Yet, if the introduction of local package delivery demonstrated its usefulness in such a way as to make its extension desired, what ground for fault-finding would there be in that? Postmaster-General Meyer scarcely needs any "excuse" for wishing so to extend the system. The excuse of public benefit, which has proved sufficient in every other civilized country in the world, might well suffice here. The counter-argument advanced by the usually clear-headed New York Journal of Commerce, and eagerly reproduced by our neighbor, the News Leader, is Tory to the last degree. The Journal of Commerce gravely intimates that the introduction of local parcels posts would be deplorable, in that it "would speedily raise a demand for making the service general for all classes and distances." This is precisely the argument that Rowland Hill met in his campaign for penny postage—"it would swamp the post-office with letters"—an argument which modern economists, including, doubtless, the Journal of Commerce and the News Leader, have frequently laughed at. What better argument could there possibly be for the establishment of anything than that the people generally demand it? For whose benefit is the post-office run if not for the benefit of "all classes"?

"Enter December frostily," says the New York Mail of December 2d. December did, the day before. Now we suppose the Mail will try to claim that it is some punkins as a prognosticator.

"Oh, that I had your youth!" cried Mr. Rockefeller to the reporters, which strikes us as rather grasping. Owing to the manipulations of trusts like Mr. Rockefeller's, youth is about all the reporters have left now.

Those union paragraphers who are gaining prominence as language sharps are invited to take a whack at the people who say, for instance, "As a Senator, Depew is as good or better than Platt."

Nearly half the Pennsylvania stockholders, we read, are women. We daresay that road engraves its stock certificates in pale pink and does them up with baby ribbon.

It was the late R. H. Lindsay, it is said, who named a certain reorganized coterie the Populist party. Mr. Lindsay ought to have named it Dennis.

Thirty official nurses ought to be able to show the Emperor of China exactly which little pig went to market.

Last year there were 898,000 pigs in Siberia, a country in which end-seats are absolutely unknown.

Still, maybe it helps the lynchee to reflect that the bee was legal.

Ah, doubters! It seems strangely queer that you will not old Paul revere.

Borrowed Jingles

PROTEST OF THE MARRIED MAN.

I have my faults, but your assaults
Are quite unnecessary.
You will not move me to improve
While of your praise you're chary.
I'm much to blame, but all the same
I hate to hear you carping
At flaws you pick. I'm fairly sick
Of that eternal harping.

I've virtues, too, and think that you
Might speak about them nicely;
Though I allow, I can't just now,
Say what they are, precisely.
But soon you'll find, if you've a mind
To give them your attention,
I've quite a lot and those are what
I'd like to have you mention.

There is no need for you, indeed,
To be so analytic
And wag your jaw at every flaw.
I do not lack a critic.
If I'm in doubt, it's pointed out—
The reason things miscarried.
My faults are bared, I am not spared
Because, you see, I'm married.
—Chicago Daily News.

MERELY JOKING.

The Same Jag.

"Ebenezer," called out Mrs. Jagway from the floor above, "have you been drinking again?"

"No, m' dear," answered Mr. Jagway, in the hallway below. "Not again. Still."—Chicago Tribune.

Thoughtful Doc.

Voice at Other End: "Doctor, I've tried everything, and I cannot get to sleep. Can't you do something for me?"

The Doctor: "Yes; hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."—Woman's Home Companion.

Bohemianism.

"A true Bohemian is a man who borrows a dollar, and then invites you to lunch with it."

"Wrong again. A true Bohemian is a man who invites himself to lunch with you and then borrows a dollar."—Kansas City Star.

No Detriment.

"Ever been in jail?"

"Countless times. But that's no detriment to a man in my business."

"And what is your business?"

"I'm a chauffeur."—Houston Chronicle.

Signs of Jealousy.

"The count must love me."

"Why?"

"He gets sulky whenever another man wants to know how much papa is worth."—Houston Chronicle.

End of the Romance.

"And how did your daughter's romance end?"

"In the most romantic way," answered the sarcastic paterfamilias. "They are boarding on me until the bridegroom finds a job to suit his capricious fancy."—Pittsburg Post.

THE PERSISTENT PARAGRAPHERS.

"THE navy men," says the Atlanta Journal, "are to be deprived of their cigarettes, and if they want anything in the way of smoke they must go to the proving grounds." However, that's better than sticking to the cigarettes and going to the happy hunting grounds.—Des Moines Evening Tribune.

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Haven't heard anybody knocking Mr. Hitchcock's card index system since the election, have you?—Washington Herald.

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Porto Rico expects a duty on coffee. What, with no Senators! When she gets them, the country may know what to expect.—Boston Transcript.

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"There is too much mystery concerning China. Who knows but the new Emperor may be cutting another tooth? And yet the outside world is kept in the dark.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Some men look for work with about as much enthusiasm as they would look for a case of smallpox.—Chicago News.

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For a country that is about 1,500,000 short of the necessary number of Democrats, the United States is doing fairly well.—Houston Post.

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No unmarried woman over forty-five is fit to teach, says a writer. Fie! No unmarried woman is that old.—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

"Millionaires may soon resume the custom of buying flowers and opening wine," declares the World. Millionaires don't "open wine"; that is a custom belonging to "gents."—New York Mail.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The United States has the largest number of crematories and incinerates the largest number of bodies of any nation in the world.

The Chinese government has established a school at Shanghai to instruct the sons of fishermen in modern methods of fish culture.

After twenty-five years of operation of the postal savings banks of India the depositors number 1,190,220, and the deposits amount to $49,223,283.

Carmen Sylva, queen of Rumania, has practically built one hospital by the sale of her stories, and has largely benefited several others.

Many Harvard graduates of prominence are said to have suggested Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, of 1877 class, as successor to Dr. Eliot as president.

Miss Reah Whitehead, of Seattle, Wash., will be appointed a deputy prosecuting attorney to serve under George F. Vandervoer when he goes into office January 12th.

Consul Max J. Baehr writes from Cienfuegos under date of August 10th that this year's output of molasses in Cuba is estimated at about 40,000,000 gallons, which is higher than the output of last year.

A temple to Li Hung Chang, well remembered in America, has been erected at Lu Chou Fu, forty miles up the Yangtse from Nanking, where the famous Chinese statesman lived. The edifice is said to be the finest ever erected in China, and cost $200,000.

The German Foreign Office appropriation bill raises the rank of the German diplomatic representative at Mexico from minister-resident to minister, with a salary of $12,500 a year. Carl Buenz, who has been German consul-general at New York, was recently given the post at Mexico City.

Dr. Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, in a short time will be reappointed to his present position by President Roosevelt. Dr. Neill was made Commissioner of Labor by President Roosevelt in succession of Prof. Carroll D. Wright, who accepted the position of president of Clark University at Worcester, Mass.

Grace Barber is a teacher, nineteen years old, who saved the lives of forty children during the forest fires in the Michigan timberland. She marshaled the children from school, each child being told to brush the sparks from the head of the child in front, and, coming to a plowed field, they built a two-foot protection of the earth, behind which they lay until the fire passed. Club women of Detroit are getting up a monster petition asking recognition of her bravery in a material way.

Origin of Oxtail Soup.

The now familiar oxtail soup is said to have had its origin during the Reign of Terror in Paris in 1793, when many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. The abattoirs sent their hides fresh to the tanners without removing the tails and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One day one of the noble beggars, while happening to pass a tannery, noticed a pile of discarded tails, and asking for one, it was willingly given to him. He took it to his lodgings and made what is now famous—the first dish of oxtail soup. He immediately told his friends of the good luck he had had, with the natural result that the tanners were soon annoyed to such an extent by the demand for oxtails that a price was put upon them.—New England Grocer.

Southern Literary Messenger.

The revival of the old Southern Literary Messenger, whose editor was Edgar Allan Poe, seems assured. It will be published in Richmond, its former home, and the new editor will be Alfred B. Williams, now the editor of a Richmond newspaper. The necessary capital for the venture has evidently been secured in Richmond and New York among persons interested in Southern life and literary accomplishment. The Southern Literary Messenger will naturally have a Southern tone, but not a sectional spirit.

The Courts of Europe

By

La Marquise de Fontenoy

Heir to Holland's Throne—Expected.

QUEEN WILHELMINE, of Holland, is looking forward to the birth of an heir to her crown some time in February or the beginning of March, and all the stories printed on both sides of the Atlantic a couple of months ago to the effect that the illness from which she was then suffering had once more destroyed her hopes of becoming a mother—stories which I denied at the time on the strength of authoritative advices from The Hague—turn out to be incorrect, for it is officially announced that Queen Wilhelmine, in view of the delicate condition of her health and of the necessity of abstaining from all unnecessary fatigue, will grant no audiences whatsoever during the winter save to her Cabinet ministers for the transaction of pressing business of state, and that she will take part in no court functions. People entitled to audience during the next few months will be received in her behalf and in her name by her husband, Henry, Prince of the Netherlands, and by her mother, the Dowager Queen Emma. It is expected that in view of Queen Wilhelmine's youth, her hopes of motherhood will at length be realized in the early spring, provided she takes proper care of herself and avoids imprudences. Her hopes are shared not only by the entire Dutch people, whose loyal regard and affection she possesses in an altogether exceptional degree, but also by people in other countries, to whom she has always appeared as a very sympathetic figure, and who have at heart the welfare of the future of the Netherlands.

Royal personages are achieving considerable distinction as inventors, especially in Germany, where the list of patentees includes many princes of the blood. In fact, to such an extent is this the case that one of the leading Parisian papers the other day published an amusing skit which portrayed the Kaiser as calling upon various scions of the House of Hohenzollern and of other reigning families of Germany to consult with him about questions of state, of the army and of the navy, and who persisted in pressing upon him, in lieu thereof, the latest information as to the success of their recent inventions, which were monopolizing all their time and interest. But the Kaiser is himself an inventor, a fact which the French paper seems to ignore, for some months ago he took out a patent for a brake for automobiles. His brother, Prince Henry, now the ranking officer of the German navy, and its chief, obtained legal protection not long ago for a device for cleaning the shield window fitted to the front of motor cars. The German Crown Prince has taken out a patent for a new kind of fastening for shirt cuffs, and the reigning Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who is devoted to yachting and to everything pertaining to the sea, has invented and patented a very successful propeller for steam navigation. Any one who invents some contrivance of practical utility establishes thereby his claim to consideration as a very useful member of the commonwealth and as a factor in its welfare.

Aside from the many other services rendered by the anointed of the Lord, the very fact that they should figure so extensively as inventors should relieve them of the charge which people on this side of the water are so fond of imputing to them, namely, that of being mere ornamental, useless popinjays and drones.

While the greatest amount of fuss is often made over the arrival in America of some relatively insignificant foreigner, every now and again very important strangers visit this country without attracting any attention whatsoever. An instance in point is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, who has just completed a two weeks' stay in New York, where his presence passed entirely unnoticed. Yet he is quite as great a man in a way as the Mexican dictator, President Diaz. Thanks to the recent elections, and by the consent of Conservatives, no less than Liberals, Sir Wilfrid will have almost unfettered control of Canada's policy during the next four or five years. His position in the Dominion is even stronger than that of a strong prime minister of the United Kingdom, for neither the vice-regal court, nor the Senate, nor the army has in Canada any restraining influence over him. Even the President of the United States, with his Cabinet responsible to himself, and not to Congress, is controlled by the Senate and governed by the unwritten law that he shall not hold office for more than two terms, whereas the Canadian Premier, once he has become the necessary man, may prolong his lease of power till his hair is white, and may undertake great enterprises with the expectation of finishing them.

The fact that Alfred Picard should have been appointed Minister of Marine at Paris is liable to give rise to a good deal of confusion, owing to the fact that France's Minister of War is General Picquart, the pronunciation of the two names being to all intents and purposes the same. Both men are Alsatians, both hail from Strasbourg, both have a passionate love for their native Alsace, and between the two they have the whole armed force of France, both on land and sea, in their hands. Both speak German with the purity of Germans, their French being characterized by the Alsatian accent; both have the Germanic virtues of patience and perseverance, and both are graduates of that famous Ecole Polytechnique, where so many eminent Frenchmen have received their education.

While Alfred Picard is universally respected, yet he is not popular. It is very seldom that alumni of the Ecole Polytechnique manage to render themselves beloved, for they seem to imbibe, along with everything that is best in French culture, a certain amount of consciousness of superiority, a disdain for mentality and instruction inferior to their own, and an ill-disguised impatience of ignorance and stupidity. On graduating Picquart selected the army, and has now risen to the rank of full general and Minister of War. Alfred Picard, on leaving the Polytechnique, chose the civil branch of the service of the state, and became one of the government engineers. Opinions differ as to his talents as an engineer, and attention has been called by the adversaries of the administration to the fact that a great dam which he built to hold water burst at a critical moment, causing great destruction of life and property in the vale below. But there is no doubt as to his being a wonderfully able and honest administrator, with an extremely level head, and very pronounced ideas on the subject of discipline. This is of a nature to fit him in a quite special degree for the task of reorganizing the French Ministry of Marine, and, in fact, the entire navy, while his possession of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor is calculated to endow him with a prestige in the eyes of the officers and men of the navy which was singularly lacking in most of his predecessors in office. These predecessors have all been politicians. Picard is nothing of the kind. But he is above everything else an administrator, with very strong sentiments on the subject of method and order.

Although Sir George Cooper is not a hunting man, and has had no experience thus far of the mastership of hounds, yet he has just taken over the Hursley Hounds in Hampshire, and from now on will have the right to add the magic letters "M. F. H." to his name. As he has a thoroughly capable staff, a magnificent pack, and as foxes are plentiful, there is no reason why, under his direction, the famous old Hursley Hunt should not maintain in the future the reputation which it has enjoyed in the past. Hursley, which belonged so long to the Heathcotes, was purchased about seven or eight years ago by George Cooper, who was enabled to acquire the property through the immense fortune inherited by his wife from her uncle, "Chicago Smith," her co-heir being her brother, the late James Henry Smith, popularly known in New York as "Silent Smith." Since then George Cooper, who was at the time of his marriage a hard-working lawyer up in Scotland, has become a country magnate and a baronet. The Hursley Park estate extends over some 10,000 acres, and its name will always recall memories of John Keble, who was the rector of the parish of Hursley. In fact, John Keble rebuilt the church of Hursley with the profits accruing to him from the sale of his "Christian Year," and his grave is near the main entrance of the church. The church likewise contains the tomb of Richard Cromwell, who for a time after his father's death ruled over Great Britain as the chief magistrate of the republic, with the title of Lord Protector, and there is a marble monument to his memory, bearing the date of his death, in 1712.

Sir George and Lady Cooper, besides owning Hursley Park, have a place up in Scotland, in Inverness-shire, the deer forests of which, known as Glenfeshie, furnish some of the finest deer-shooting in the United Kingdom, over a hundred stags having been killed there this autumn. They have likewise a house in London, in Grosvenor Square. Their eldest boy, named George, after his father, is now nineteen years of age.

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STATE PRESS

How Long, Oh Lord, How Long?

In a recent editorial we stated that it was about time for the South to have the President, and that in looking around for a suitable nominee for 1912 the Democratic party could find no better or more available man, in respect of character, ability and worth than Senator Thomas S. Martin.

The Clifton Forge Review, commenting on this, says:

"Of course Mr. Martin appreciates this compliment, but we dare say that he will not enter a scramble for the nomination, and what is more, he prefers to wait for 1912 to roll around. Senator Martin is an able man, yet we have no idea that this candidate for first place will be taken from the South. The fact is, all of us can afford to wait."

How long, pray, must the South wait: till Gabriel blows his horn? It has been forty-three years since a Southern man, Andrew Johnson, was inaugurated as President, and he was an accidental President, having been elected as Vice-President. And is it not about time for Virginia to have the presidency once more? The last time she furnished a President was when John Tyler was inaugurated in 1841, sixty-seven years ago; and he, like Johnson, was an accident, owing his ascendancy to the death of President Harrison in one short month after his inauguration.

Of the first five Presidents four were from Virginia. She will lose her soubriquet of being the "Mother of Presidents" unless she pretty soon comes along with another of her offspring for the great pre-eminence. We repeat our suggestion, that Thomas S. Martin will fill the bill.—Charlottesville Progress.

Wanted, Rest and Peace.

It is now time to rest politically. The recent presidential election was enough for a while. The result all good citizens accept. Rest now is what is desired by the business interest of the country. Rest and peace from agitation is what is needed. We deplore the seeming attempt of Bryan's enemies to begin now to make war on Bryan in the Democratic party and select now, four years ahead of time, the next nominee of the Democratic party. It is premature—new issues will arise by four years hence. Wait and see. We admire Bryan more than ever. He is the greatest living American—the greatest educator of the day. The American people owe him more than any other living American. He is a leader, not a follower of public sentiment like Roosevelt, not a political weathercock. All sensible people believe Bryan has nine-tenths of the Democrats behind him. But rest is now needed—rest from politics. Wait for developments. We shall wait and rest. Bryan cannot be downed—by his enemies at least. At present no one favors Bryan's nomination four years hence. But if he is nominated again this premature agitation by his enemies may do it. Stop and rest now.—Amherst New Era.

A Junket Comes Next.

At the first meeting of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce the suggestion will be made that the committee visit the Panama Canal zone this winter. Several important questions affecting the government of the zone will probably come before Congress, and as the committee has jurisdiction over new legislation for that territory it will be urged by those who want to take a junketing trip at the government's expense that the entire membership acquaint itself with recent developments there!—Alexandria Gazette.

An Editor's Lament.

If there is anything under the sun the germologists have not put their ban upon we would like to know what it is. Kissing is condemned on the ground that disease lurks in every kiss, and, in the matter of food we must not eat the succulent lettuce or other raw vegetables because insidious germs crawl in multitudes upon their surface. But the cruelest blow is that given the "old oaken bucket," out of which our forefathers slaked their thirst and which poets have glorified. It still survives in many a well, but from henceforth let no one who values his life drink from it, for on every square inch of its moss-covered sides millions of germs flourish. But, then, who wants to live if all the poetry as well as the prose is taken out of life. Incidentally one wonders that any of our forefathers lived to reach a green old age.—Fairfax Herald.

Looks Like Hot Times.

The list of State officers to be elected next year embraces Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General, Secretary of Commonwealth, Treasurer, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Commissioner of Agriculture.

In addition to these there are to be chosen 100 members of the House of Delegates. No State Senators are to be chosen. The election of the various officials in the counties does not occur next year.

At any rate there will be hot times in old Virginia. It looks like we are having more elections and more trouble over them under the new Constitution than ever before.—Scottsville Enterprise.

Eat, Stuff and Be Merry.

One of the things to be thankful for is the progress of modern science toward common sense. And the most immediately interesting triumph of that new science is Dr. Hutchinson's doctrine of diet, which is, "eat what you please, and all you want of it."

According to Dr. Hutchinson the things we most like to eat and drink are things that, in the majority of cases, are the best for us. "A breakfast diet of sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup and strong coffee has carried the white man half around the world," says he. Even cleanliness is a form of degeneracy. "A certain degree of robust indifference to dirt is necessary to health, both bodily and mental"—a doctrine to which the highest civilization will find it hard to subscribe, but the eminent doctor promulgates it, nevertheless. And he says again, "Only the valetudinarian and the model housekeeper are in agony if not spotlessly clean. It is a disease of the imagination in both cases." So, there you are. Eat, stuff, and be merry! And you need not stop at the customary peck of dirt.—Roanoke Times.

Truth Carelessly Handled.

When Daniel J. Keefe, of Detroit, announced that he would not follow Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell into the Democratic fold, and stated that he would support the Republican nominee for President in the election held last month, it was charged that Keefe had been promised a certain Federal office for bolting the American Federation of Labor. As soon as this charge was made a denial was issued by the Republican leaders, in which the people were told that Keefe was acting on his own responsibility and so on. But what has happened? Hardly had the official vote of the presidential election been canvassed before it was given out in Washington that President Roosevelt had appointed this man to the office of Commissioner General of Immigration, all of which reminds us that the truth is sometimes carelessly handled in political campaigns.—Clifton Forge Daily Review.

Said One Governor to the Other.

Lynchburg and Norfolk are mighty wet, and it is going to take strong faith and hard work to make them "dry." And yet we are advised that the temperance people are more than hopeful. There was a time when we would as soon thought of James River running dry as that the street leading from the depot in Lynchburg to Main Street would be dry. The ride from Bristol to Norfolk without a "drap" will be a long and tedious one to some folks, and to all such there is but one place in which to wet up, and that will be at Farmville and Abingdon, where the dispensary runs from sun to sun.—Appomattox and Buckingham Times.

His Eulogy Handicapped.

President Roosevelt was at his best in the oration he delivered at the unveiling of the Sheridan Monument, but was badly handicapped in the subject of eulogy. Sheridan was not a great general, and is not so esteemed by military critics anywhere. Even if he had been, his methods of conducting war were so utterly repugnant to the laws of humanity and civilization that the memory of his atrocities upon a defenseless people would neutralize his title to rank with Grant or Thomas, or McClellan or Meade in the respect of his countrymen. In one single county in Virginia he wrought such havoc as to link his name with that of Attila, the Hun. He was a terror to women and children and aged and decrepit men in the Valley of Virginia, but he was discomfited for a year by Early's pitiful handful of veterans whom his own troops outnumbered four to one.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Yes, Almost Anything.

Did it ever occur to you how annoying it is when you are very busy to call up some one on the telephone and some young couple is sparking over the wire, or some one else is holding a long, gossipy conversation? Some people use the telephone almost any time for almost anything.—Suffolk Evening Herald.

Voice of the People

Women's Hats.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Now, I wish to say in the beginning that I am not a woman-hater nor an old maid, neither, but am a young married woman who wishes to spend some pleasant evenings away from home, and there is nothing more attractive to me than the very interesting and economical entertainment we are accorded in the many moving picture shows in our city. When these shows first started here the management requested all ladies to remove their hats, and kept the request upon the curtain until even the most stubborn woman in the hall had to submit, when there was at once unanimous applause from the crowd.

I especially appeal to the managers of these shows in saying that I certainly think the person who pays for his seat and conducts himself properly in the hall should be allowed to enjoy the little time he is there, instead of having to stretch his neck in every direction continuously for nearly an hour in order to see even a part of the pictures instead of the usual monstrosity of a woman's hat. Now, I tried three shows one evening last week in an endeavor to see if I could find one that enforced the rule, "Ladies will please remove their hats." First I went to the Colonial, and after an hour of useless endeavor to see aught else but a woman's hat, which swayed to and fro like a Monday's wash in a March wind, the poor little creature trying to see between the swaying of the hat just in front of hers, I left in utter displeasure and disgust. I went to the Gem, where the show to me was simply a milliner's stand. I wound up with the Majestic, where I heard several parties requested to take off their hats, but one little piece of feminine vanity stuck firmly to her topping of common felt and a huge conglomeration of feathers and ribbon. She happened to be just two seats in front of me, and to see the stage was utterly impossible except by holding yourself at right angles, the position to be changed every two or three seconds.

I do not see why this should be allowed. If a woman proves herself too mean to even allow some other woman or some little child who comes out for a bit of pleasure to enjoy it, simply for the sake of looking pretty or the inconvenience of taking off her hat, I think she should be given her dime back and requested to go home, or be allowed half fare and stand in the rear of the building.

What's the use of one removing her hat if ten or twenty keep theirs on? I do not think that any woman who has the right principles would sit for one solid hour before another person, depriving them of the entire pleasure of the evening's entertainment, and I think it is up to the management of these shows to see that each and every one that visits their halls should be allowed to see the pictures, instead of having to endure the insipid vanity or the stubborn perverseness of the woman in front.

And now, ladies, I will ask you what do you think of it? Are you really selfish enough, mean enough, to sit before some one for the entire performance without removing that hat? Don't you know that these people come there to be entertained? Are you the only one? Take it off, and show the men that women can be as fair to one another as men are to men.

FEMININE JUSTICE.

THE COLLISION OFF RACE ROCK.

Value of Wireless Apparatus in Latest Wreck.

The disaster which occurred off Race Rock in a dense fog recently, when the new Fall River liner Commonwealth rammed and sank the Norwegian steamer Volund, might have been a great deal worse. Although one vessel was lost and the other somewhat damaged, happily no lives were lost. The splendid Sound vessel was able to continue to New York.

The collision proves anew the value of wireless telegraphy. Shortly after the crash occurred the Commonwealth sent out a general message of distress by wireless, and within an hour not less than five steamers had responded to the call for help. The crew of the Volund was rescued, and steamers stood by the Commonwealth. Conversation between the Maine and the Commonwealth was carried on by wireless. The officials of the Fall River Line were notified of the accident by wireless, and the Puritan, which was hurried out from Newport to go to the assistance of the Commonwealth, was recalled by wireless when it was found that her assistance was not needed. These incidents demonstrated the immense importance of wireless telegraphy as an aid in navigation.

The catastrophe was due to the thick fog which has hampered navigation along the North Atlantic coast for several days. The wonder is that the list of accidents has been so small.—Hartford Times.

Two Monster Fish Fight Big Whale.

Campers along the beach between Browns Point and Dash Point report a sea fight that took place near the shore between two blackfish, each about thirty feet long, and a whale sixty feet long. The blackfish apparently believed the leviathan was intruding on their preserve, and were the aggressors, while the whale bent every energy to get away. The three monsters dived and wallowed, creating a great commotion and churning the water to foam.

The whale finally appeared to grow fatigued, and tried to throw off his pursuers by running close in shore. When it appeared that he would run aground if he came any nearer, he suddenly turned and thrashed out into deep water, with his enemies in hot pursuit. A moment later he dived, the blackfish sinking out of sight after him.—Tacoma Dispatch to Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Bishop on Sunday Games.

Bishop Grafton, of the Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., whose attention was called to an attack on Sunday baseball by one of his clergy, gave the following as his views on the much discussed question. "Whether any recreation on Sunday is allowable must depend upon the individual conscience. If recreation interferes with his primal duty to God, then it ought to be given up, and while a number of devout Christians would abstain from the recreation named, there are others who look at baseball games or attend a free concert at the park, which is not harmful to their spiritual life, they having done their duty by attending in the morning the divine worship prescribed by Christ. Sunday is a day of devotion, rest and recreation. While the church forbids all servile work that can be avoided, it does not interfere with any recreation that does not interfere with a Christian's devotional duty."—Kansas City Journal.

A Refrigerator Basket.

The refrigerator basket made of strong, light-weight rattan is serviceable for any household. It has two lids, resembling an old-fashioned market basket. In one end is a small compartment for holding ice which can easily be removed and kept clean. Between the rattan and metal inside lining there is a layer of asbestos and felt, while the lids and the bottom are treated in the same way. Handles of tough wood are securely riveted to the side, and the entire basket is durable and convenient. A complete camping outfit of cooking, serving and eating utensils conveniently nests, and is carried in a fibre case twelve inches in diameter and fourteen inches in height, which can be strapped and locked, ready to check.—New York Post.

A Mere Detail.

"The common practice of lawyers in addressing a jury to single out one member who seems to them the most intelligent, and therefore the one most likely to be influenced by their appeals," observes a Chicago attorney, "does not always work out advantageously.

"All the testimony in a case recently tried in Ohio had been taken, the lawyers for both sides had summed up, and the judge had charged the jury, when up rose the intelligent juror against whom both counsel had thundered their impassioned appeals. He wanted the court to give him some information.

"'I have been bothered a good deal by two words the lawyers use here all the time,' said the intelligent juror.

"'What are they?' asked the court, expecting, no doubt, to be called upon to expound res inter alios acta or a fortiori, or some other abstruse term.

"'Plaintiff' and 'defendant,' said the juror. 'I don't know just what they mean.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Railway Regulations.

W. M. Acworth, the well-known British railway expert, in an address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said:

To sum up in a sentence the lesson which I think the history we have been considering conveys, it is this: Closer connection than has hitherto existed between the state and its railroads has got to come, both in this country and in the United States. Hitherto in Anglo-Saxon democracies neither state ownership nor state control has been oversuccessful. The best success has been obtained by relying for control, not on the constable, but on the eventual supremacy of an enlightened public opinion.

Mr. Acworth has unquestionably put the situation correctly. In the United States the policy of regulating the railroads has been adopted as the lesser of two evils. On the one side was the peril of unrestricted private control of the railroads. On the other side was the peril of socialism. Between these two extremes the United States has adopted regulation, and it is trying to make regulation effective and honest.—Wall Street Journal.

Harriman, the Philanthropist.

In urging higher freight rates, Mr. Harriman represents the type of the truly good and unselfish railroad magnate. His own roads are in satisfactory condition, but the weaker roads stand in need of more income in order to better their facilities. "If we charge less rates," he says, "other roads will charge less rates." The thought of setting a bad example weighs on his conscience.

The only trouble with Mr. Harriman's scheme of benevolence is that it embraces only the railroads. If Mr. Harriman raises rates because certain other railroad managers want larger receipts, why would it not be virtuous for all workmen to unite in demanding more pay because some workmen receive small wages? Why are not all manufacturers under the obligation of increasing their prices if a few of them think it would benefit them to charge more? Why should not the great department stores raise prices in order to help the little store around the corner, and the push-cart peddler on the East Side?—New York Herald.

Backing Up Sentiment.

Popular interest in reform movements is sometimes underestimated by reckless legislators who owe their places to the favor of bosses. The people are acquiring a habit of backing up their sentiments with their votes. The defeat of the New Jersey organization in the renomination of Senator Everett Colby, representing the new idea in politics, is an encouraging instance of popular appreciation of good service. In New York, Senator Foelker, who went from a sick bed to make the antigambling victory possible, has been rewarded by a congressional nomination, and Senator Gilchrist, the only Republican Senator from Kings county to vote against the Agnew reform bills, has been defeated. The people are not always forgetful.—Boston Herald.

Why No Blue Drinks?

"Champagne is golden," said a bartender, "beer is amber, claret is red, cream of mint is green, whiskey is brown, punches are white, but you will never, never find a drink that is blue. Doesn't the thought of a blue drink seem unpleasant to you?

"Blue drinks could be easily made, but the public would have none of them. Nothing blue would go down with the public.

"Why is the aversion to blue so general? Many reasons have been advanced, but none of them are good. One is that blue, being the color of poison bottles, incites distaste and horror."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lizards That Leap.

The gila monster, the largest lizard of America, is found in the sand deserts of Mexico, and the southern part of the United States. It belongs to the only species of venomous lizard known.

The Indians and Mexicans dread this little hard-biting reptile, whose bite is, however, seldom fatal to man.

When frightened or angry, its movements are very rapid. Some men who had caught one of these monsters tied it up with a string and commenced teasing it. Presently the creature became furious. The spectators knew nothing about its ability to spring until it suddenly leaped fully two feet off the ground and bit a man's hand.

Souvenir Hunters Scared Off.

That lone highwayman with the gun, however, has assisted materially in conserving the natural resources of Yellowstone Park. It will be safe from visiting vandals and souvenir hunters so long as he is at large.—Chicago Tribune.

That Won't Be in Print.

Mr. Gompers's characterization of Joe Cannon as a political Mephistopheles looks much better in print than what Mr. Cannon will call Mr. Gompers when he hears about it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.